

The Camping Trip by v_writings

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Summary:

While trying to broaden your horizons, you suggest Jonathan to go camping with you for your first time ever, even though you're not really sure if you like the idea of camping at all.

The Camping Trip

“Remind me why we’re doing this.” You say, trying to hold back your frustration as you fail your seventh attempt to build the tent.

“Uhh...” Jonathan trails off, frowning as he looks at the instructions in his hands for a second before looking up at you. “Because you said you wanted to try camping at least once and I said I got nervous at night if I was out and you said that it didn’t matter because you love to calm me when I’m nervous and I said that I love it when you do and—”

“Yeah, yeah, I remember.” You cut him off, shaking your head. “Why do you always go along with my ideas?” You complain, holding two metal poles in your hands as you try to guess *where the hell* they could possibly go.

“Because I love you.” Jonathan answers absent-mindedly while still reading the instructions the tent brought. You look at him with soft eyes but he’s too focused on the piece of paper in his hands to notice—so you leave those poles on the ground and walk up to him until you’re standing chest to chest, waiting for him to notice you. “Oh—” He says when he finally does. “Hello.” He whispers sheepishly, blushing softly. You grin and close the distance between your faces to press a soft kiss on his lips, and when you pull away he still has his eyes closed. “What was that for?” He asks, opening his eyes slowly with an adorable smile.

“For being so cute. I love you too.” You take the instructions from his hand and slump down to the ground, deciding that you’ll get this done no matter how long it takes. “Okay, let’s do this. *Again.*”

You were told by the clerk at the store that this tent was the easiest to build— but you suspect now that he was lying to you. You *did* manage to get it done, but now the sun is setting in the horizon and you’re both so tired that you just want to eat something and fall sleep.

So, you do just that— and after eating the sandwiches you brought for

today you begin getting ready to go to sleep. You got only one big sleeping bag so you could hold each other as close as possible, and even though everything else seemed to go wrong today– this *onething* didn't.

Jonathan has his arms wrapped around you with his head resting comfortably above you breasts while you caress his hair slowly, making him let out the tiniest whimpers and moans from time to time. After a while, he moves his legs so he can tangle them with yours, with the excuse that he's cold and you're warm and he *needs* you.

He's not cold– he just wants to wrap himself around you as much as his body and your sleeping bag will allow, and now he's found a way to do that.

It comes a moment where his moans and whimpers start to increase their volume– and you feel something stiffening rather quickly against your thigh. Neither of you say anything– you just get your hands inside the sleeping bag and move them to his ass until you can slide them inside his briefs and grab his ass cheeks in a tight grip.

Jonathan nearly screams in pleasure when you do that– but hides his face on your shoulder just in time to muffle the sound against your skin. He starts grinding against your leg, rubbing himself on you to get as much release as he possibly can.

“Climb on top of me, baby.” You order, removing your hands from inside his underwear. “Come on, I know what you want to do.” You can't really see him in the darkness of the night, but you can *feel* him and that's all that matters. He untangles his legs from yours and in no time he's sprawled on top of you, straddling your lap as he hovers above you. You can feel his hardness against your core– and it turns you on immensely. His breath is warm against your ear, which tells you where his face is. He's not moving even though you can tell he wants to– because he's waiting for you to *tell him* he can.

“Come here, beautiful.” You whisper– hands searching for his face until you can bring his lips to yours and connect them in a passionate kiss. Jonathan opens his mouth without you even having to lick his lips asking for permission, and in a second your tongues are playing

with each other and you feel your cheeks starting to get wet. "You can move, baby. Show me how much you want me." You say, kissing his tears away. He whimpers and cries as he grinds against you desperately— his naked chest pressed closely against your own. You connect your mouths again as Jonathan continues his movements, and then you feel a hand caressing your lower stomach until it finds itself inside your underwear. "Fuck, Jonathan—" You moan against his mouth, legs trembling in pleasure. "Yes, baby, right there." You approve, while he continues grinding against you and his own hand now.

"I love you so much." He says in a broken whisper, followed by a loud whimper. You wrap your arms around his neck and kiss and lick around his face until you find his mouth again without saying anything, because you're so close to orgasming that you can't speak anymore.

When he rubs your clit in circles just like he learned you adore, it only takes him seconds to send you over the edge with a scream of his name. He peppers your face with tiny, soft kisses while you come down from your high, and you can't help but think that it will be *impossible* for you to love another man more than you love Jonathan right now.

"Was that good?" He asks in a whisper, caressing your thigh softly.

"More than good, baby." You answer, kissing him in what you assume was his cheek. "You know my body so well." You squirm a little on your back and start to push him off of you. "Come on, let's turn around. I'm riding you tonight."

Jonathan's only response to that is a low groan before he's helping you switch positions. You open the sleeping bag and move it so you can sit up on his lap, and when you do you place yourself exactly on top of his hard, throbbing dick. You begin grinding yourself on him while Jonathan starts searching for your hands— until he finds them and places them on top of his chest with his own above them, fingers interlocked together.

"Wait—" He breathes out, letting go of your hands so he can stop the movement of your hips.

“What is it?” You ask, squinting your eyes to see if you can make out his face in the darkness, but it’s fruitless. It’s pitch black inside the tent.

“Just—” You hear the sound of a plastic bag and other various things being shuffled around until the noises stop— and the next thing you know, you’re closing your eyes to protect them from the bright light pointing at your face. “I really want to see you right now.” He says softly, leaving the small flashlight on the side. You open your eyes and find him looking up at you with his cheeks wet from his tears and that beautiful soft smile that belongs to *you* and *you only*— and the only thing you can do in response to that is lean down and smash your lips against his.

He smiles into the kiss and you can feel his hands pressed flat against your back, pushing you closer to his chest. The feeling of surrender that comes from him every single time you kiss him like this threatens to overwhelm you— because you feel so much *love* and so much *need* and so much *everything* for Jonathan that sometimes you get completely lost in him.

Your hand starts feeling around the ground searching for the last thing you need to finally get him inside you, and while it’s a little complicated to do so while kissing him like your life depends on it, you still manage to locate the tiny pile of small foil packages and grab one immediately.

“Okay, beautiful. You ready?” You ask, smirking teasingly at him. He raises an eyebrow at you and thrusts his hips upwards, pressing his very ready hardness against you, before biting his lip and looking away with an embarrassed smile. It’s not often that he gets cocky like that, and you absolutely love it when he does. “Are you leaking already? Huh?” You say, reaching between your bodies to stroke him over his underwear. Your fingers find a wet spot immediately, and you can’t help but grin. “Answer me, baby.” You command, rubbing circles with your thumb where the head of his cock is.

“Yes!” He cries out when you press down, back arching upwards. “I have been since you came— *ah!*” You see fresh tears on the corners of his eyes as he starts whimpering and squirming underneath you, and you know you’re both *more* than ready.

“Let’s get these annoying clothes out of the way, then.” You joke, and he smiles before he gasps and his hips thrust upwards involuntarily.

When your underwear is off and thrown somewhere inside the tent you honestly don’t care about, you move away just enough for you to be able to roll down the condom on him. You take no time to guide him towards your wet entrance because you want him *so much* right now– and as you sink down on him and he lets out a loud, broken whimper you know that you’re not going to last too long.

The moment you move up to slide down again for the first time, Jonathan lets out a low moan and his back arches towards you. You can see that he’s lost in his own pleasure, so you move your hands until you can get them underneath him and lift him up towards you– and he practically throws himself on you as he sits up.

“You feel so good...” He mumbles against your shoulder and you can feel his lips moving as he speaks, right before he starts pressing wet, needy kisses to your skin. You bury your hands on his hair as you continue bouncing on him– and his arms wrap around your waist loosely.

“Jonathan–” You warn him when you feel your orgasm approaching, tugging on his hair involuntarily. He whimpers at that and his mouth searches yours, only to join in a messy, open mouthed kiss. “I’m so close–”

“I’ll come when you tell me.” He moans in response. “I’ve been ready for a while.” You grin into the kiss before burying your face on his neck, licking and biting just enough to make him go wild.

You moan lowly when your orgasm hits you, clenching your walls against Jonathan enough to make him tremble and squirm in your arms, desperate to come as well. That’s why you take no time to speak as you continue riding him.

“Come now, baby.” You whisper on his ear while your fingers massage his scalp slowly. He comes immediately after you say those words, emptying himself on the condom while mumbling that he loves you over and over again.

“There is no other place that makes me feel as safe as your arms.” He says a few seconds later while you’re both still trying to regain your breaths.

“Ditto, beautiful. I feel the same.” You answer with a smile before pulling him out of you. You lie on your back right next to him with your eyes closed, feeling as if you’re floating away. You hear the sound of the plastic bag again and feel Jonathan moving next to you for a moment before he settles his head on your chest again, wrapping one arm around your waist.

“I’m so tired.” He mumbles, nuzzling deeper into you and pressing a kiss on your breast. “I love you. Goodnight.” You smile and hold him as close to you as you possibly can.

“Goodnight, sweetheart. I love you too.”

Jonathan changed the film of his camera three times since you got to this place yesterday. He couldn’t help it– you looked so beautiful so often that he simply had to start taking pictures of you, and the moment he did he just he couldn’t stop.

“Jonathan?” You ask suddenly, and he realizes he stopped walking at some point and you’re now a few feet away. “Are you still with me, baby?” You say, walking back towards him. He blinks a couple of times and smiles at you sheepishly, a little embarrassed that he got lost in his thoughts of you again.

“Sorry.” He apologizes, biting his lip and looking down at his camera on his hands. “I was thinking about you.” Your face softens and you grab his face to kiss him softly on the lips.

“Ohhhh, you’re so adorable.” You say, hugging him close to you after you’ve moved his camera away from his chest. He melts into your arms and rests his cheek on your shoulder, closing his eyes and smiling happily.

Jonathan feels so content right now, standing in your arms the middle of the woods. Granted, sleeping in a tent isn’t a lot of fun even after making love like you did last night– but it’s all worth it if

you get to spend time completely alone like this.

“Do you want to sit down for a while? We could take a break and eat something.” You suggest as you pull away, kissing his lips again.

“Okay.” He agrees, hanging the strap of his camera on his shoulder. “Let’s find somewhere nice.”

You end up sitting in a blanket under a tree in a nice clearing with little flowers all over the grass, and once again Jonathan can’t stop himself from taking pictures of you. He just loves it so much when you’re doing mundane things like preparing yourself something to eat or drink or just looking away to something in the distance.

You look *incredible* when you’re you.

“Okay, it’s my turn now.” You say suddenly, cleaning your hands of any remains of what you just ate.

“What?” Jonathan asks with a frown, trying to figure out what you can possibly mean.

“You took so many pictures of me, I want to take pictures of you. And I deserve them! I don’t have nearly as much pictures of you as I want to have. Come on, give it.” You extend your hand and he looks at you uncertainly before letting out a resigned sigh and handing it to you. “Thank you very much.” You say with a satisfied smile, leaving the camera by your side.

“I thought you wanted to take pictures of me?” He asks with a frown, looking at you grab your bottle of water to take a sip before answering.

“Now? When you’re so tense? Yeah, right. I’ll take my pictures when you’re distracted, like you take mine.” You say with a challenging smile and he feels a mixture of pride and arousal at the sight, so he crawls towards you until you open your arms and legs and let him sit with his back against your chest.

You move back a little until you’re resting comfortably against the tree, and Jonathan follows your movements until he’s completely relaxed against you, with his head tilted back against your shoulder.

It's the perfect position– you can kiss easily if you both turn your heads around and your hands wrapped around his stomach give him a sense of safety that practically lulls him to sleep. It doesn't take him long to do just that– and he falls asleep in the middle of a slow kiss with you.

When he wakes again, he realizes that he moved at some point, and now he's sitting sideways on your lap with his face nuzzling your neck. You're holding him protectively against you and he can feel your cheek on top of his head, and by the way your breathing is even and you're completely still, you definitely fell asleep as well.

He doesn't want to wake you but he *has* to move, and there's no possible way for him to do that without interrupting your sleep. So, the only thing he can do is resort to your favorite way to wake up, because if he does you'll definitely be happy about being awake.

He licks his lips and starts placing feathery kisses on your skin, sometimes even using his tongue to lick you a little. You move but don't wake up, so he increases the intensity of the kisses just a little more and adds a few whimpers and moans to the mix just to be sure that you won't be able to resist him.

You wake completely when he's in the middle of kissing and licking your jaw, which is why it only takes a small movement of your head to capture his lips with yours. The kiss starts slow and lazy but it quickly becomes heated and passionate, and even more so when you take a hold of the back of his legs and position him until he's straddling your waist and getting harder and harder by the second.

“We didn't bring condoms.” He warns you as best as he can when you start rubbing him over his clothes, and the wicked smile on your lips tells him that you don't care about that at all.

“Then I guess I'll just have to swallow.” You say with a shrug of your shoulders, and without any warning and without him expecting it, he explodes inside his clothes the second his brain processes what you just said.

“[Y/N]!” He cries out, burying his face on your neck as his hips buck forward and he empties himself. You hold him tightly against you

and kiss whenever your mouth can reach, which only increases the onslaught of emotions he's feeling right now. "Oh, *God...*" He breathes out, gasping sporadically as his muscles tense and he thrusts involuntarily again. "*So good...*"

"You're so pretty when you come, baby." You compliment in a soft voice, running your fingers through his hair. "My pretty boy. I love you so much." Jonathan has to take a few deep breaths before answering you, because your choice of words could easily make him hard again in seconds.

"Yes— *your* pretty boy. No one else's. I'm yours. Say it again." His arms circle your waist as he says this, and the happiness he feels from being in your arms is almost overwhelming to the point where he could pass out from the pleasure you make him feel.

"My pretty boy. You belong to me, Jonathan." He nods fervently and you pull on his hair until he's looking up at you again and join your lips together in a kiss that has him shuddering. "My gorgeous boy. I love you so much."

"I love you too. You make me so happy." His hand goes between your legs as you kiss him so he can return the favor, but as his fingertips slide underneath the waistband of your pants you're interrupted by a loud thunder that makes you pull away from each other in surprise. The tree you're under blocks your sight of the sky, so you have to move forward a few feet to check what's happening.

"*Holy shit.*" You curse when you finally take notice of the black clouds covering it completely. Another thunder crashes and you both jerk back in surprise, and it takes you a couple of seconds to realize you need to get out of there as soon as possible. "Come on, we need to run. That tent won't hold for even a slight breeze, let alone a thunderstorm." You say, gathering everything on your backpacks as quickly as you can.

When Jonathan stands up, he's made aware once again about the sticky mess on his underwear, and he groans in frustration for being unable to stop himself from coming when you surprise him with something you say like just now.

In the past he couldn't stop himself *at all*– he came so fast and so often that he had to quickly learn how to pleasure you and get you to come with his hands and mouth, because it was kind of hard for you to reach your orgasm at the speed he did. Thankfully, enough time passed that now he *can* hold himself back until you tell him he can come– but sometimes you do or say things like today and he's gone, he loses control completely and comes without even a warning to himself.

“Come on, let's– what's wrong?” You say, looking at him standing there, blushing with a frown. You have your backpack on already and his on your hand.

“I'm– my underwear–” Your face turns into understanding and you walk up to him, caressing his cheek softly.

“I have wet wipes in the car, we'll get you cleaned up in no time when we're there. Come on now, it'll start raining soon.” He doesn't move when you grab his hand and pull him with you, so you turn to him with a more serious expression. “*Jonathan fucking Byers*, my underwear is soaked and my pussy is quivering because of how much I need you buried inside of me right now so don't fucking complain about having orgasmed already, okay?*Let's go.*”

His eyes widen and his mouth falls open at your words, and there's a certain warmth in his belly that travels down to his groin until it's making him start to get hard again. He nods in a daze as you hand him his backpack and he puts it on mechanically, not even knowing what he's doing. The only thing he can think about right now are your words, and before he knows what's happening you already arrived to the camp.

“Jonathan, baby. Come back to me. Are you good?” You ask, rubbing his arms and kissing his lips softly. He shakes his head and blinks a couple of times before meeting your worried eyes.

“What you said–” He says in a voice that's too hoarse, so he clears his throat and licks his lips before trying again. “What you said about needing me–”

“Is that why–” You say and then your gaze lowers to his lap, where

you can see the outline of his hard dick pretty clearly. “Is that why you looked so dazed? Because you got turned on?” He nods and your face turns into the expression you get whenever you think he’s being adorable– and to tell the truth he feels *quite proud* of that.

“What am I going to do with you? You’re too adorable for your own good.” You say jokingly before kissing him deeply, but just for a few seconds. “I’m sorry that you’re so hard but we have to get our stuff inside the car before it starts raining, baby. I need your help.”

“I know, I’ll take care of it.” He says with a nod, and you move your head back and look at him with raised eyebrows. “Not like *that*, obviously.” You laugh and pull away from him to walk towards the tent.

“Come here and go put these things in the car when I hand them to you!” You yell from the inside, and he sprints towards you just in time for you to hand him your bag that looks on the verge of exploding, and the two plastic bags where you were putting your trash last night.

He looks up at the sky as he walks towards the car, opening up the trunk to get everything inside. The dark clouds are right above you now, and if it weren’t for the fact that Jonathan knows it’s midday he would’ve guessed it’s around 6 p.m. already. You come out of the tent with your sleeping bag rolled under your arm and a small cooler in the other, which are the last items that remained inside. You do the same thing he did and look up as you walk towards him, handing him the things as you turn around and scan the horizon.

“It’s gonna be a bad one. We can’t drive with this weather, we’ll have to wait for it to pass inside the car.” You say, squinting your eyes. He nods in agreement and closes the trunk as you start to walk away. “Come on, let’s get that fucking tent now.”

He’s right behind you when he feels the first drop of water on his arm. He looks at it to make sure that he didn’t imagine it but no– there it is. You suddenly turn around and wipe your forehead, frowning at your fingers.

“It’s raining.” Jonathan offers, stating the obvious. You nod and hurry

your steps.

“Come on, I hope this is quicker than building it because if it’s not we’re leaving it here. I don’t fucking care.” Jonathan snickers at you and you raise your eyebrows at him in challenge. “Do you have anything to say, Byers?” You ask, crossing your arms.

“Absolutely nothing, except maybe that I’m in love with you and that you make me the happiest man alive?”

“Nice save.” You answer with a smirk. “And I love you too.” He bites his lip and looks down to his feet with a smile. He loves it so much when you tease him like that. It makes him feel special and wanted and many other beautiful things. “Now let’s do this!”

It starts raining a little harder as you disassemble the tent, but thankfully it’s not as hard as actually putting it together. However, when you’re folding it and Jonathan is gathering all the poles the rain starts falling very heavily all of a sudden, and you get drenched in seconds.

“Shit!” You curse, gathering the tent as best as you can. “Go, go, go!” Loud thunder crashes as you run towards the car, and Jonathan opens the backseat door and throws the poles inside before getting in himself and pulling you with him by the waist before closing the door.

You throw the tent to the floor with the poles and let out a deep breath, and then fall back into Jonathan who wraps his arms around your waist as you settle a little more comfortably in his lap.

The rain starts falling a little *more* heavily now, splattering against the glass and making it impossible to see anything outside.

“Lets get you cleaned up now.” You say, moving from his lap and reaching to the front seat where your bag is. You search through the contents and until you finally find a closed package of wet wipes. Jonathan had already succeeded in getting rid of his hard-on, but just the prospect of you cleaning him has him getting turned on and hardening *again*, and when you actually do it he’s going to be on the verge of coming again.

He knows it. He knows himself.

You sit next to him move your hand towards the button of his jeans like it's no big deal, but when your fingers brush the skin of his navel he whimpers loudly in pleasure. You don't look up but there's a smile on your face that tells him you *know* what he's feeling, and that can only mean good things for him. You unbutton him and lower the zipper slowly– *teasingly*– all without looking at him.

“Lift yourself up so I can get your jeans off, baby.” You say casually, and he swallows visibly before doing as told. There is an unsurprising wet spot that can be seen in his underwear when you finally lower his pants down, but at least he knows he didn't come a lot so it's not going to be a mess as big as other times.

His dick his *hard* and *big* and *throbbing* underneath the fabric– and also starting to leak again. You rub the shaft softly before lowering the waistband, and Jonathan tenses up as a tiny whimper leaves his lips and his eyes overflow with tears. He doesn't think you heard him, the rain is too loud against the roof and windows of the car for you to have been able to.

When you finally free him completely he can see that even though his release rolled down to the entire length of his dick and balls too, it's not *a lot* to clean up.

“Do you want me to do–” He starts to ask, but your turn towards him at an impossible speed and shake your head.

“No. I'll do it. I'll take care of you.” You say before pressing your lips to his, drowning a whimper that was just going to leave his mouth just by listening to your sweet words.

It doesn't take you long to finish up and when he reopens his eyes he finds you throwing the last discarded wipe into the trash bag. You use another two to clean your hands and his before putting the package inside your bag again.

“How are you feeling?” You ask, resting your cheek against the seat *so close* to his own face that your noses brush occasionally. His gaze flickers towards his lap where his dick looks almost purple and

twitches as precum leaks from the tip, thinking that that's answer enough for your question. "Fair enough." You say with a laugh when your gaze follows his. He loves it so *much* when you laugh– it makes every problem he has seem lighter and not so bad. "Remember when I said that I was quivering with the need to have you inside me?" He wants to give you a verbal answer but a moan is the only thing that comes out of his mouth when he opens it, so he just bites his lip and nods. He wants you to kiss him while you're like this, with your faces so close that you're almost breathing in the air the other exhales– but at the same time he doesn't because this moment is so intimate and beautiful that it almost feels wrong to interrupt it. "That's how I feel right now, too."

The rain has been falling softly for a little while now, but it's still not safe enough for you drive. The windows are completely fogged over and Jonathan feels like burying himself to the hilt inside of you in the next thirty seconds is more important than getting air inside his lungs.

"[Y/N]... please–" He cries as a few tears roll down his cheeks. "I need to be inside you or I'm going to die." While that might not be true, his tone of voice suggests the exact opposite. He *truly* feels like he's going to die if you don't make love soon. His eyes are clenched shut when he feels you kissing his tears away, and they remain closed when he feels you rolling down the condom on him.

"Jonathan, I want you looking at me. Can you do that, beautiful?" You ask softly, caressing his cheek and pressing a chaste kiss to his lips that leaves him craving for your tongue devouring his own. He snuffles and nods, opening his bloodshot eyes for you. You rub your nose on his sweetly and he smiles, rubbing one eye before leaning forward and pressing a kiss to your lips.

"Can we make love now?" He asks softly, almost feeling shy. He doesn't have a reason to feel like that because you're the one person in this world that makes him feel like he can be as vulnerable as he wants and needs, because you'll protect him and keep him safe as long as he needs you to. But even then, there are times when he feels exposed and raw so incredibly desperate for you that he'll feel shy about how much he wants you, just like right now.

“Hey, don’t get shy on me now, pretty boy. You know I want you as much as you want me right now. Maybe more.” You coo as you remove your clothes and straddle his lap. “I really needed you back when we were under the tree.” You say, using your knees to hold yourself up just above his rock hard erection. Jonathan swallows with half-lidded eyes as you move your hands to his hair, burying your fingers in it. “What where you going to do to me?” You ask, kissing him before he can answer. Your tongue slides into his mouth like it owns it– which *it does*, he supposes. You own *all* of him. “Were you going to eat me?” He nods right before you join your lips again in another open-mouthed kiss that leaves him breathless and trembling with the need to join your bodies together.

“[Y/N]... p-please–” He begs, tears streaming down his face. You remove one hand from his hair and use it to guide the tip of his dick to your wet lips and just *a second* after you do you lower yourself on him completely– and he’s now balls deep inside of you. A guttural moan comes out of both of your mouths, and you take a moment to get yourselves together before moving again.

Before sliding upwards, you rotate your hips and clench your walls against him– and Jonathan whimpers so loudly that he feels the smile on your lips when you kiss him again. He wraps his arms tightly around your waist and moves his head to your chest to suck on your nipples, and you tighten your grip on his hair to the point where you’re just pulling on it– and Jonathan couldn’t be any happier about it. He loves the feeling of his scalp stinging slightly as you pull when he’s inside you– it just makes everything feel a lot better.

When you finally start riding him you do it torturingly slowly– but Jonathan wouldn’t dare to make you increase your pace. It’s true that he needs you and he wants to come, but he also wants every time he has with you to last as long as humanly possible. And besides, you’ll increase the pace yourself later, when your orgasm starts approaching. He has nothing to complain about– everything about this moment is perfect.

The sounds of your deep moans and labored breathing contrast with his whimpers and pleas– but you say *I love you* to each other in such a synchronized way that he could come just from the feelings you create on him with those three words.

He doesn't, though— because he *can't*. So he just starts sucking on your nipples again, alternating between one and the other, until your movements start to become more rapid and erratic and your moans become high pitched.

“Come with me when I come. I want us to come together.” You whisper in a hoarse voice while pulling back on his hair so he looks up at you from his place on your chest.

“I promise.” He assures you in a small voice, and something flashes on your eyes before you're grabbing him by the sides of his face and kissing him with more passion and desire than you have in a long time— and that's to say *a lot*.

The next thing he knows is that you're unwrapping his arms from your waist and moving them to the sides of his head against the back of the seat, and then your hands are holding his tightly and he *begs* inside his mind for you to come quickly because if you're holding him down like this he won't be able to hold himself back much longer.

“Jonathan, I'm gonna come, baby— I'm— *ah!*” Your lips are pressed against his the moment your orgasm overcomes you— and he swallows all your moans greedily as your tongue searches for his own. His own release his immediate after that, and he sees *stars* while he empties himself inside of you.

He's whimpering and moaning and crying and feeling as if he's the happiest man in the universe— and maybe *he is*. It certainly feels like it when you are sitting naked on his lap with him inside of you.

“Oh— *I love you.*” You breathe out and kiss him one last time before releasing his hands and climbing off of him, slumping into the seat right beside him with a gorgeous, satisfied smile on your face. Your hair is sticking to your face because of the sweat— and to Jonathan you never look more beautiful than during your afterglow.

He takes a deep breath and takes the condom off of him— tying a knot on the end as best as he can with his trembling hands. The trash bag is by your feet, so he kisses your cheek as he moves to dispose of it.

You smile at the gesture with closed eyes and your hand searches for him until your fingers are once again buried in his hair, and then pull him towards you so he can rest his head on your shoulder. He accepts your invitation eagerly, wrapping his arms around your waist and kissing your neck softly. He's about to say something; he wants to tell you how much he loves you and that you make him happy and that making love to you makes him feel complete in ways he never imagined possible– but you beat him to that and speak before he has a chance to.

“I fucking *love* camping.”